THE

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Tu moriere tamen.

PROPERT.

A mournful doom shall close thy mortal days!

[STORY CONCLUDED.]

THE Indians, as we have already observed, superstitiously avoided the hiding place of St. Albert. He perceived it himself, and therefore took some pains to encourage their strange & fanciful opinion of him. His surprise was on this account great, when for

two or three days successively, he noticed an Indian who appeared to be reconnoitering his residence, and to be desirous of tracing its inhabitant. Whenever the recluse made his appearance, the Indian retired; and when the former had again hid himself from observation, he perceived that the stranger once more endeavored to scrutinize the situation of the place. He once surprised him so effectually, that he could not escape without some difficulty; & on his demanding what he wished, the native replied,—"The eagle has its wide home in the air, and man can not assail her; the wolf of the forest retires from his rapine, and baffles the pursuit of the hunter; but to the unfortunate and to the criminal, ~~among~~ among men, the sword of vengeance shall come at last." He then disappeared among the trees, and St. Albert saw him no more for several hours. What the meaning of his singular speech was, could not be conjectured; strange and miserable forebodings

came over the mind of Theodore, and he more than once determined to seek another shelter, still more remote from man and vengeance.

About twilight, he again saw the Indian. He was standing on the rock above him, and his broad and gigantic figure seemed well adapted to the magnificent but solemn scene around him. As Theodore advanced, the Indian waved his hand. "Son of the ocean", he cried, "I have come not to prophesy thy doom, but to warn thee from danger."

"Who", said Theodore, "would molest a solitary wretch like me?"

"When the voice of vengeance," yelled the Indian in tones that thrilled to the very soul, "when the voice of vengeance is abroad, what shall stay its terrors? Shall it pause for thee — because Thou art wretched and forlorn? — Child of misfortune! Through the twilight of thine age the bloody meteor of despair looks from its car of storms. I might have lured thee to thy fall — I

might have dealt the blow myself. Perhaps the spirits of my fathers had been pleased with the blood of one of mine accursed race. But there is mercy in my soul — and I bade the knife of death be stile. I would rescue thee from danger and from death."

"When shall my doom be found?" asked the astonished St. Albert.

"No sun may set for thee again," answered he, "no twilight again behold thee here!"—

"Is there no escape?"—

"Wilt thou follow me — the persecuted — the outcast — the proscribed?"—

"Thou art so much the more resembling myself. I will follow thee."

"Then wait," said the Indian, "till the morrow. When the rising sun shall shine on yonder lake, I will be at thy side, and thou shalt be taken to a place where no eye nor hand shall ever discover thee. I think thou wilt be safe till then. Farewel!"—

The friendly Indian again disappeared. St Albert retired to his cave,

to brood over this wonderful adventure. He conjectured that De Vernueil had tracked him like the blood-hound to his retreat. He felt already cut off from life and hope. The Indian might have been employed by his enemy to trace him & lure him to his doom; although the promise he had made seemed to argue that he was acquainted with the projected vengeance, & its intended perpetrator, and was about to prevent it. He knelt on the cold stone. The sweat ran down his agonized brow, and his heart beat with audible violence. He prayed for forgiveness, and for the first time in his life, he felt as if his prayers were heard. He prayed long, and with fervency. He then arose, & refreshed in spirit, although exhausted in frame, and going forth from his cave, seated himself on the cliff.

It was midnight. There was no moon; but the stars were bright, & the atmosphere clear, and the broad and beautiful expanse of Erie that stretched below, reflected their tem-

bling radiance in its deep-hued mirror. It was an hour for mournful contemplation, and melancholy reflection. It was an hour for one like St. Albert to retrace his past life, and sorrow over its clouded retrospect. The wind was down, and not a leaf rustled, nor a wave murmured. As he sat gazing on the flood below, he fancied he heard the sound of distant music; he listened again, & was forced to cling to the rock for support. A rich but mournful voice came floating on the air, & Theodore distinguished the notes & words of a song by Rousseau, which he had often heard his Constance sing, in her days of youth and happiness. They were as follows:

1

Que le jour me dure,
Passé loin de toi;
Toute la nature
N'est plus rien pour moi;
Le plus verd boicage,
Quand tu ne viens pas,
N'est qu'un lieu sauvage,
Pour moi sans appas.

2

Helas! si je passe
Un jour sans te voir,
Je cherche ta trace
Dans mon desespoir:

Quand je l'ai perdue
Je reste à pleurer;
Mon ame eperdue
Est pres d'expirer. *

The last four lines were sung with peculiar feeling and expression. The monotonous air to which the performer sung them added to their effect; and the measure changing, he sung a verse or two of something else, in a still more sad and desponding tone.

The music ceased. "'Tis de Vernueil," involuntarily exclaimed the persecuted recluse. He sat still on the rock, as if he was incapable of exertion. The music was heard no more all night. Twice he thought he saw a form on the rocks above him; but none came to molest him. Daylight at last began to break, and he hastened to his cavern, to perform the last devotions ever he was there to pay, before the Indian came for him. The idea touched and solemnized him. He

* As a matter of curiosity we subjoin the air composed by Rouseau to this song. It is copied from a fac-simile of his own hand writing.

knelt in his narrow recess, and prayed with ardor. As he continued motionless, he thought he heard a rustling at the entrance of the cave. Supposing it to be the Indian, he turned round to speak to him, when the form of the Count De vermeil fell on his blasted vision. — "Wretch!" said the latter — "have I at last found thee?" — "Hast thou no forgiveness?" asked the kneeling supplier — "has man no pity?" — "Who," retorted the Count, "who was pitiless, when the flower of my bosom was blighted and mildewed? Who was remorseless, when the kindly current of my heart was turned to hatred & revenge?" — "I have atoned for all," murmured Theodore. "Nay," said his enemy, "I have not traced thee through the world for nought; I have not hunted thee to the very borders of existence, to let thee now escape!" — "Constance forgave me!" — "Name not that injured supplier's name; or by her cold and senseless dust, the word shall be thy last." — "De Vermeil — I have injured you — I have destroyed your happiness — but I am far more wretched, &

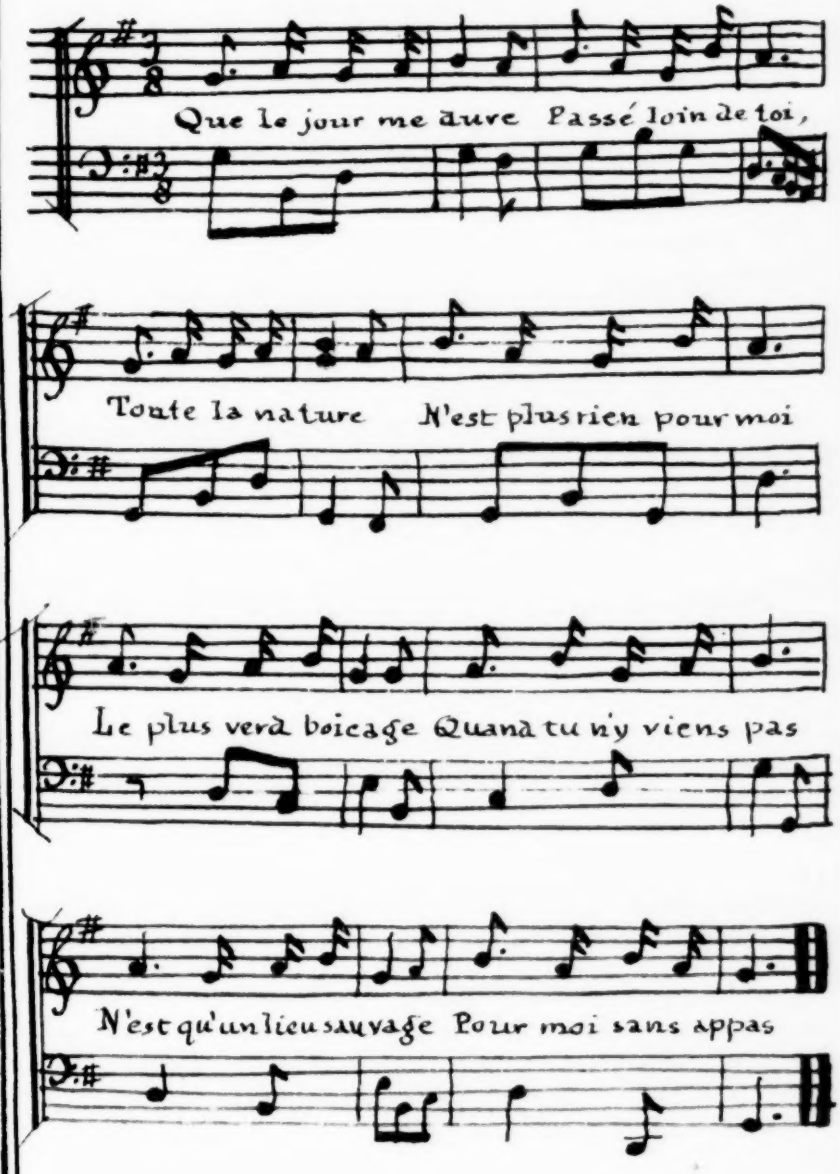
my life is but a poor recompense for all you have suffered." — "Peace", shrieked the avenger; "go and whine and grovel to the winds and waves; they may hear thee. I have no pity. I had a Constance once — and thou hast destroyed her! I had once a blessed home, and thou serpent like hast blasted and desolated it forever! — Aye — kneel — and pray — if your crimes will let you. Short, but oh! too long for all I have suffered, shall be your stay on earth. Commend thyself to heaven and its blessed saints, if they will look on such a wretch as thee — and die!" —

So saying, he ran upon St. Albert with his drawn sword. The miserable man bowed down beneath ~~his~~ the blow, and as the weapon past through his heart, expired without a groan. At that moment the Indian entered; he had been unable to arrive before the murderer. He found him standing over the corse, the dripping sword in his hand, and his eyes rolling in all the wildness of madness.

He gazed awhile on the bleeding form at his feet, without heeding the entrance of the Indian, and then, as if some gleam of sudden recollection darted across his brain, he murmured, "and is this all!" — and rushing from the cavern, plunged himself into the peaceful waters that slept below. A storm arose that night, and his swollen body was seen floating on the billows afar from the cavern of his murdered enemy.

E.

ROMANCE.

AIR DE TROIS NOTES.

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Le plus verd boicage Quand tu n'y viens pas
N'est qu'un lieu sauvage Pour moi sans appas